

## TUCUMCARI BOYS AT FRONT WHEN GERMAN FIGHTERS SURRENDER

France, Dec. 14, 1918

Dear Mother:—

Only a few days now until Christmas! I know you are wondering where and how I will spend it, and you are no more in the dark than I am. I haven't much "Christmas" to offer you this year. That is, "Christmas" as everyone generally speaks of it. However I am going to write you a brief history of the events I have experienced since leaving the States.

We sailed from Montreal on H. M. S. "Novara," touched at Halifax and finally landed at Liverpool, Eng. Then we moved to Winchester where we saw many historic ruins and relics, including the oldest castle in England and the famous cathedral. A few days later we sailed from Southampton and landed in LeHarve, France. We spent several weeks in training at Camp du Valadon and from there we went to the front in the Vosges Mountains. This was in the middle of July. After several weeks in the Vosges we began a night hike which lasted (with a few days rests) until the night of Sept. 11, when we arrived at the St. Mihiel front.

At one o'clock the next morning the artillery opened the barrage that started the St. Mihiel drive. That certainly was a quick and decisive battle. We stayed on the Metz front as part of the regular defenders. It was while we were here that we received a Red Diamond (an honor mark) to wear on our left shoulders. During the next two months we made several moves around Verdun and Thioncourt until on the night of Nov. 10 we were well up towards Rembertourt on a big hill close over the German lines. Then came the rumor that fighting was to be suspended at 11 a. m. Nov. 11.

At first we hardly believed it but sure enough at 11:00 the next morning all firing ceased and peace settled down over the lines. That night bon fires were burning and lights were shining where the night before all had been pitch dark.

A few days later we became members of the First Army of Occupation and began our advance after the removal of the German forces. We were camped only a few miles from the City of Luxembourg.

I know this all seems a funny way to write a letter but it was the only way to tell things without writing a book.

How are all the folks? Tell Polly that I sure have her a button, but that is about all I could carry with me.

Tell everybody "Hello" for me. Love to all and a "Merry Christmas." CHARLIE CUSACK.  
"F" 20 F. A., American E. F. France A. P. O. 745.

### HARRY DYER TELLS OF FEW EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT

The following letter was written by Harry S. Dyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Dyer, who live seven miles west and south of Tucumcari. As will be seen by the letter Harry was in the thick of the fight and so far as is known, came through without being wounded. He is glad the great struggle is over:

France, Nov. 14, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:—

I will write you a few lines today I have been wanting to write for the last three days but it didn't seem to be able to get at it. This is a happy old world now, isn't it? That the biggest part.

I am sure glad I was over here and I believe I did my part. You remember when the big drive started on the Marne. That was the first fighting I saw, on the morning of July 15. That was the first shelling I was ever in.

I have been through lots of it since then though. The only time I was away from the front was when we were moving from one sector to another after we left the Chateau Thierry sector, when we went to the Arrgonne Woods. That was a quiet sector when we got there, but three days after we were there we drove them out of the trenches, the first trenches I ever saw. The old Hindenburg line crumbled. The Americans put over a barrage that I don't see how anything could have lived through it. The fighting in the Arrgonne was certainly fierce. I have seen times when I wouldn't have given 10 cents for my life.

When we left the Arrgonne we came here to the Metz front. This was the quietest place we have seen with the exception of raiding party now and then. The part I wanted to tell you about was the end. It ended systematically at 11 o'clock. At two minutes to eleven the artillery started firing rapid fire and closed at exactly 11 o'clock and there wasn't another shot fired on either side. When the U. S. flag was raised the Germans cheered

the same as the American. In the afternoon the German soldiers came over to our side to trade souvenirs with the Americans. The prettiest part of it was we could have lights at night. Everybody on both sides built fires and lighted candles. It was the biggest relief I ever had. At night we had fire works; so did the Germans. They sent up red, white and blue lights.

For the last two days Italian prisoners have been coming by here from the German prison camps. They are sure glad to be free again. They looked pretty good only they were wearing pretty ragged clothes. Some had one boot and one wooden shoe.

The next thing the soldiers have to think about is when do we go home? We will have it easier now than we did anyway. We won't have to be dodging shells and gas any more.

I had two doughnuts yesterday. The Salvation Army was giving them out. The Salvation Army certainly deserves credit they came right up to the front and made doughnuts and cocoa and panades, and they usually have a little canteen. They sell their stuff at reasonable prices, too.

Well, I am sure glad that the war ended before Howard had to go. I will be glad to get home. I will close for this time, so goodbye, with love to all. From

HARRY S. DYER.

### THREE LETTERS FROM FRED DRISCOLL TO HOME FOLK

The following letters from Fred Driscoll will be of interest to his many Tucumcari friends. Fred is a son of Mrs. J. C. Jones and was employed on the railroad for a number of years. He has been right up in the thick of the fight:

France, Nov. 15, 1918

Dear Mother and Brothers:—

Your two most welcome letters to hand dated Sept. 30 and Oct. 15, and needless to say I was delighted to receive them. I am sending you two letters at one time though they were written some time apart. I haven't had time to mail the first. Was going to destroy the first one and make you wait until I came home when I could tell you more about it, but I know it will please you to know that your son was right up where the big things were taking place when she stopped at five minutes to eleven yesterday morning. The big gun were raising the "devil" at eleven o'clock sharp, it seemed automatically, they stopped, and the front has been a dead silence ever since. Tonight as I lay here in my little dugout, which not over four days ago, was being used by a German soldier for the same purpose, I am using it.

It is just large enough for two, a boy friend of mine, whom I knew in the Philippines, is with me. We have been together ever since I first went into the Engineers at Funston, where I met him, and we have been like two brothers ever since. The little tents are used for field service, and are only large enough for two, and each man carries half of one on his back, and when you make camp you double up with some one, consequently we have twice the blankets to sleep under with only half the load to carry. We have improved Heinies shack quite a bit since we moved in, and it is just like a little home, a stove in one corner, and everything cosy. The fields are covered with German dead and now that this great struggle is at an end, you wonder why? Some of them are only children, from their looks.

Well, mother, if nothing happens, lets hope we are home before long, and then I will have, oh! so much to tell you, so will close for this time. Your loving son and brother, FRED A. DRISCOLL.

"Somewhere in France" Oct. 31

My Dear Mother:—

Your most welcome letter to hand some few days ago; in fact, a week ago, and when your letter was handed to me I was sitting with my feet hanging out of a French box car, waiting for the train to pull out for the front. You asked me where I was. Well I can tell you where I was but I can't tell you where I am. I have been stationed at a little place called Sermoise, only a few miles from the City of Nevers. I believe if you look on the map you can find Nevers, as it is a city of about 60 or 70 thousand people, and you will find it is quite a ways behind the lines.

I suppose you will wonder what I was doing sitting in a box car waiting transportation to the front. Well, that is the way we travel "over here."

When we have a long way to go. After about 36 or 38 hours on the train, and then about 30 kilometers, French miles, across country with a

75-pound pack on our backs we reach our destination, and I'll assure you the welcome we received on our arrival was nothing like the one we got when we arrived in Nevers. We passed through town after town that had been swept clean to the ground, some had only a few walls left standing, still some were only piles of rock to show where once had been a peaceable city or village, and still we marched on, and at times I thought surely I must drop out from fatigue, but I would grit my teeth and hang on, and we were passing over ground which not two weeks before was in German hands, and as we neared the front we could hear the heavy artillery which kept growing louder every step we took, until finally it was one continual roar, and the airplanes came and went over in droves and at last we stopped and made camp, and the first thing in the morning we started to work and that night about 8:30 here came the Fritzies, and I'll assure you the reception we received was anything but cold, and as things began to quiet down and we were just ready to go to sleep here he came again about 11:15 p. m. Its funny about the German planes, you can tell them by the sound of their motor. Well, I lay there and heard him coming, helpless you might say, couldn't run, had no place to run, but had to lay right there and take it and speaking of suspense, well you don't know what it is until you have laid flat on your back and heard one of those German planes above your head and waiting for him to drop his cargo of steel on you. Well, he flew around and went right over my tent and everything as quiet as a night could be even the front had stopped it seemed, only to make his "buzz! buzz!" over my head more nerve-racking. I wouldn't mind it if I had an even break with him but all one can do is lie there and either pray or cuss. Well I done both, but mostly prayed, and he finally let go, only "THREE" this time, and when they hit I thought my ear-drums would break. One hit about a hundred feet from my tent and only 15 feet from another tent, and as luck would have it, it was real muddy and soft ground causing the bomb to sink about 8 feet into the ground before it went off, though it tore the tent all to pieces, it never hurt either one of the men lying inside.

When we finish work at night it is dark and as we can't have any lights about the camp after dark, I am setting in a German dugout, about 30 feet under the ground writing this on one of Fritzies tables, and sitting on one of his chairs. The dugouts are built just like a palace inside, all boarded up, and it seems as if the whole mountain is undermined. We have gone through almost all of it but one hole which goes almost direct down, and we thought it best not to go down there as all the light we have is a candle. As I sit here I can feel the earth shake from the big guns. This is ground they held for almost three years of the war, and the hills are full of these dugouts, some small and some large, and a little farther over there is one with a big dynamo in it, and two big gasoline engines, all ready for use. Fritz was so busy when he left here he didn't have time to destroy them. They supplied lights for all these caves. It's sure wonderful when you come to think of it. The fields are strewn with guns, unexploded shells, hand grenades, and everything that you could think of for modern and ancient warfare but we never touch any of it, pass it up like it was hot, believe me.

Well, folks, don't let this letter worry you, because I am in the best of health, and we will leave the rest to God as you know He rules, until you have come real close to being bumped off you never know how cool you can take it, but you know, it takes the Irish to beat the Dutch, leave it to me, I'll do my part. Closing in the best of health. FRED.

P. S.—I haven't shaved nor washed my face for ten days. You should see your model young man now. Give my best regards to all. After Fritz finished his bombing he turned his machine gun on us. For a few minutes it seemed to rain steel. None of us were hurt.

"Spincourt, France," Dec. 4, 1918  
Dear Mother and Brothers:—

Your two most welcome letters to hand today and as I have a little time to myself will answer. We are in the same little burg, and it is rumored that we are to start home shortly, but am not putting much faith in rumors though they say it comes from good sources.

We haven't done anything but drill for the past two weeks, and believe me I sure love that (?) I don't know what I would rather do unless it was a hard day's work.

Walker, my partner, was sent to the hospital a few weeks ago. He and I were sleeping in one of "Jerry's" dugouts and we had a little German stove in it, and he was sitting in front of the stove one night and I was lying on the bed, and he went out and got some coal the Dutch had left there, and put some in the stove, and just had sit down when up she went, right in his face. It blew the whole front of the stove off. Never will know

## FUNSTON HIGHWAY WILL ACCOMMODATE TRAFFIC FROM EAST

Paralleling as nearly as possible the Rock Island railway from Kansas City to El Paso, Texas, and connecting such important military centers as Camp Funston near Fort Riley, the geographical center of the United States, and Fort Bliss at El Paso, the gateway to old Mexico, the Funston-Fort Bliss Military Highway promises to be one of the more important highways that is being proposed at this time and on which federal aid is anticipated.

Many of the links in the proposed highway have already been completed and work is expected to begin immediately on some of the unimproved links. Probably one of the best highways in the southwest has just been completed between El Paso and Alamogordo, N. M. The building of this road was possible by the use of local, state and federal funds and the extensive use of convict labor by the State of New Mexico.

The Good Roads Club of Guymon, Okla., advises that Oklahoma proposes to issue \$30,000,000 worth of bonds for the construction of highways in that state. At a recent conference held at Oklahoma City, that organization was represented and attention was called to the proposed Funston-Fort Bliss Military Highway. Upon the return of their representative, the association officials were advised that "you may depend on Texas county."

Local, state and federal funds were also expended in building the highway from Nara Vasa, N. M., to Logan, N. M., and the authorities expect soon to take up the work of building the road from Logan to Tucumcari. The contract for the highway from Tucumcari to Montoya.

Concerted action is necessary to accomplish anything worth while and it is hoped that the various communities through which the proposed highway is routed are awake to the possibilities and that the dream of its promoters will soon be an accomplished fact.

Senator John H. Bankhead, chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, to which all highways legislation in the upper branch of congress is referred, in commenting upon bills now pending, recently made this plea for "roads at home":

"The war showed what the national strength could accomplish in the swift construction of rapid-transit highways and the use thereon of rapid-transit vehicles.

"The Nation trained its Engineer Corps and sent them to Europe equipped for the quick construction of the roads. The part which the United States took in the decisive campaign was rendered possible by the use of automobiles and motor trucks over rapid-transit highways.

"Now that the war is over the question arises, are not highways as vital to the peace as they were for the conduct of war? With half the world going to bed hungry every night and millions doomed to starvation, is not the swift construction of the highway to the acre that produces as urgent a necessity as were the roads in the battle zone? And if the need is as urgent should the Nation slacken its effort or permit its road-building equipment to be sold or dissipated? Should it not rather increase its efforts in this direction and proceed with the construction of highways at home on a scale commensurate with the importance and urgency of the need?"

"It is for the Congress of the U. S. to answer these questions. Measures are pending designed to meet the situation, three of which are as follows: "Joint resolution 200, authorizing the transfer from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture of all available disposable and suitable war material for distribution to the highway departments of the several states for use on the highways.

"Senate bill 5088 increasing the present unexpended appropriation of about \$60,000,000 for road purposes by the addition of \$125,000,000 for expenditures to June 1920, and \$100,000,000 a year thereafter for four years.

"House bill 13308 carries an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for an extension of the motor-truck Parcel Post Service. This is an increase from the \$300,000 provided in the Postoffice appropriation bill, which also authorized the War Department to transfer to the Post Office Department motor trucks for which it had no further use. Under last year's appropriation 27 motor truck routes were established, all but one of which were operated east of the Mississippi River. The results, even in the initial stage are such as to warrant an increase in the number of routes and their extension to the trans-Mississippi region, where rail and water facilities of transportation are altogether inadequate.

"Senate bill 5088 has the approval of President Wilson and Secretary Houston and Baker. The proposition not to lessen the national endeavor in road construction now that peace has come, but merely to transfer the scene of action from Europe to the homeland is but the response to a universal demand. The public rejoices to see the trophies of war now being brought back from Europe. Equally popular will be the sight of machines that built the United States road to the Rhine at work building connecting highways from Canada to the southern boundary and from the Atlantic to the Pacific through every state in the Union."

Our next meeting will be held at the home of our new president, Mrs. Frank Simmons, Thursday, Jan. 23. As we wish to make this a banner year would request that all members turn out to this meeting to install the new officers.

Yours,  
CORP'L F. A. DRISCOLL.

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## FREE BAND CONCERT SUNDAY AFTERNOON 3 O'CLOCK

The citizens of Tucumcari will have an opportunity Sunday afternoon of listening to the Boy Scout band assisted by the Chamber of Commerce band in a concert which will be given at the H-H Theatre free of charge. If you like good music you will not regret taking the time to attend this concert as the boys can play. The following program will be rendered:

1. March—"Hanover"—by Keiffer.
2. Waltz—"Among the Lillies" (concert) by Dable.
3. Trombone Solo ..... Selected  
E. J. CORN
4. March—"Jaunt"—by Keiffer
5. Violin Solo ..... Selected  
L. BLITZ
6. Schottische Pastime ..... Keiffer
7. Cornet Solo ..... Selected  
P. A. JAMES
8. Selection (operatic) ..... Berry  
SYNOPSIS—Poet and Peasant.  
Martha  
Carmen  
Orphus
9. America.

You are invited to attend this band concert which will start promptly at 3:00 p. m.

## MRS. B. M. LOONEY DEAD

Mrs. B. M. Looney died Saturday, January 11, after a short illness of pneumonia which followed an attack of the "flu."

Mrs. Looney had not been a strong woman but had been enjoying very good health until a few days before death when she contracted the flu. She was given the best of care but it seemed fate was against her and she was called to make the journey to the great beyond. Mr. Looney and the children were sick and had hardly improved sufficiently to attend the funeral which was held Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church after which the body was taken to Sunnyside cemetery for burial.

Mr. Looney and the children have the sympathy of all in this sad bereavement. So many have suffered the loss of dear ones from the flu and pneumonia that death should not have the sting it once had, but when a mother it taken there is nothing to fill her place.

## FEED THE BRUTES

The way to a Bolshevik's heart is through his stomach, says President Wilson in effect when he urges congress to pass his \$100,000,000 relief measure immediately.

Food and not force, we are told, can alone stem the tide of industrial unrest that is sweeping westward from Russia. It has reached Germany, and bid fair to cross the Atlantic.

Indeed, there are evidences that its advance guards have already reached the western hemisphere. Not only is North America troubled with the malady, but our southern neighbors have tasted of it—in Buenos Aires, particularly.

If food will stop the spread of this industrial epidemic, then the remedy will be cheap, even at the \$100,000,000 figure set by the president.

No doubt the president is right. A hungry man is prone to Bolshevism, as many a housewife will testify.

## MRS. GAUDIN ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Al. Gaudin delightfully entertained the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church at her home, Jan. 9. At which time they elected the following officers for 1919:

President—Mrs. Frank Simmons.  
Vice Pres.—Mrs. Al. Gaudin.  
Sec'y & Treas.—Minnie Boon.  
Press Reporter—Margaret Caldwell.

A dainty luncheon was served. Our next meeting will be held at the home of our new president, Mrs. Frank Simmons, Thursday, Jan. 23. As we wish to make this a banner year would request that all members turn out to this meeting to install the new officers.

## WHITE SLAVERS FOILED—LOSE PROSPECTIVE VICTIM HERE

Tucumcari enjoyed a little excitement Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning when a message came here for the Red Cross to meet the train from Amarillo to care for a young lady who would come here from Lawton and change trains for El Paso.

The Red Cross did as instructed but found the young lady in the hands of a woman from Bisbee who was ably assisted by a man from Dallas, Texas. They told the representatives from the Red Cross that the young lady was in good hands but appearances did not justify confidence so the young lady was taken to a private home and held for another train.

The man and woman were quite busy planning on a scheme to capture their prize again, so the woman went to El Paso on No. 1 while the man remained in Tucumcari. He visited the hotels and saw that his young lady was not registered so being sure she would not leave before the next day he went to the Cover House and registered as John L. Sullivan of Oklahoma City. He arose early the next morning and having nothing to do as the train was about six hours late he evidently visited the Ozark Trail Garage and took a pair of overalls and jumper, air gauge and pair of pliers. These he claims to have bought from a Mexican. He took them to the Eating House where he had checked his grip and put them in his grip.

It was known that he was following the young lady as he called up several places that morning trying to locate her, claiming to be her brother, so it was not thought safe to allow him to board the train for El Paso on which she was to travel. The officers arrested him on suspicion and from developments it seems they are on the track of a real white slaver—the woman who left the night before and claims to be a resident of Bisbee, Ariz.

At the trial Wednesday J. E. James alias John L. Sullivan, was found guilty of petit larceny and fined \$10 and costs with 30 days in jail to reform.

## COMMERCE CHAMBERS DEMAND REPAIR OF DAMAGE

January 14.—Before his departure for Paris, Premier Lloyd George was given a memorandum issued by the Associated Chambers of Commerce embodying the views of chambers in all parts of the country regarding the terms of peace. The following points were urged in the memorandum:

The payment by the enemy of all war expenses.

Compensation for loss of property and damage to property arising out of the war.

Compensation for all personal injuries, including a sum representing the cost of all pensions paid to disabled men, women and children.

Compensation for the loss in national power caused by the death or disablement of potential producers and by the disorganization of means of production and transport.

The payment of all enemy debts and interest on all charges from the day they are incurred until final payment.

## HERMAN McCASLAND DIES

Death came unexpectedly to the home of Herman McCasland and took him away while he was sitting in a chair by the fire. He had been sick a few days and his wife and children were also sick so he thought it was up to him to see that the fire was kept up. He was seemingly getting along very well and had been stirring around the house building fires and looking after other work. He fell asleep in a chair by the stove and it is said death came from heart failure while he slept.

He leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his death. The funeral was conducted Sunday afternoon and the body was taken to Sunny side cemetery for burial. He was an engineer on the E. P. & S. W. and worked until a few nights before his death. The family has the sympathy of all in this untimely death.

## CITY ELECTION MONDAY

P. B. Henderlite was elected justice of the peace for district No. 1 Monday over Arch Hurley, his closest opponent by a vote of 133 to 58. The contest was not very spirited as the election had not been very well advertised and but few citizens knew that an election was being pulled off.

J. P. Flores was elected constable, he practically being the only candidate in the race.

Mrs. Grace George and Mrs. Al. Codington were called to El Paso last Friday to meeting government representatives concerning the launching of the fifth liberty loan drive. The date has not yet been set but announcement will soon be made as to when the drive will start and the amount wanted.

Attend the Band Concert Sunday.